

Herbal Medicine

by ManOfChocolate

Category: Undertale
Genre: Friendship, Humor
Language: English
Characters: Flowey, Frisk
Status: Completed
Published: 2016-04-11 19:50:20
Updated: 2016-04-11 19:50:20
Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:48:23
Rating: T
Chapters: 1
Words: 6,108
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Frisk takes Flowey to a therapist and nothing bad happens.
Nope, nothing at all.

Herbal Medicine

**A/N: Fresh crosspost from Ao3! **

Surprising absolutely no one, this is once again a request filled for a kindly Anon on 4chan's /utg/ threads. The prompt was "Frisk takes Flowey to therapy". Hope you have fun, dear reader!

* * *

><p>Flowey's disgusted look had not changed since the moment they stepped off the bus.<p>

It was remarkable how well he managed to stick to one specific facial expression for extended periods. Although Alphys had scientific formulas for describing Determination, time spent with Flowey steadily convinced Frisk that the actual components were just high amounts of stubbornness, combined with a little bit of magic. They were steadfast in that belief and they had to be, for the flower was very keen on trying to undermine pretty much everything the human ever tried. Their antics put their determination to the test every single day.

Even now, waiting on the cheap plastic chairs leading into the doctor's office, Flowey was dead set on unleashing hell at any given moment, held back only by the fact that an ensuing RESET would have been a hassle to deal with. It did little to hold back the acid bubbling in their stem though.

"I can't believe you actually talked me into this." he grumbled, keeping his voice fairly low.

They've already gotten the usual funny looks and he wasn't in the mood to deal with any other inquisitive humans. He barely tolerated fellow monsters, let alone these boring masses. There were thankfully only about half a dozen in the cramped waiting room. The white walls and occasionally somewhat dirty tiled floor did little to improve his disposition.

"You didn't make it easy, you know..."

The glance upward showed an even deeper shade of revulsion.

"Oh, don't you dare give me that look."

"What look?" Frisk asked. The months that have passed since the barrier's fall changed very little about the child, except for slightly longer, but still barely-contained hair. What never seemed to change though was the playful smile gaining a foothold over their lips.

"You know the one." Flowey pointed at the rapidly-growing grin. "Yeah, that one right there. The I-got-what-I-wanted look."

The plant glared at Frisk and slammed one of his leaves onto the edge of the pot he currently resided in. It had taken about half a dozen broke scraps of pottery, before the two came to an agreement. The flower was to not destroy his carrier in his many fits of rage, no matter the situation. Not only because it always resulted in a mess, but Frisk insisted buying new flowerpots from their allowance, which directly translated into less candy and games. Entertainment and a penchant for sweets usually won over annoyance.

Of course, this did little to quell the actual anger, but the human stored up enough duct tape and bandages to keep that particular issue under check.

"I promise it won't be that bad." Frisk assured, forgoing a clear answer. Even when they were correct on every count, it was a wise choice not to rub it in. Not that it was likely Flowey would ever be as aggressive as before, but the more Frisk tried to assume the monster-human ambassador duties they signed up for, the less they wanted to worry about any property damage scandals. "You're being too nervous about this."

"Frisk, you're taking me to a psychiatrist." Flowey raised a brow, still a remarkable feat for a flower such as he was. "I'm prepared for at least half the world ending."

"What would you do with the rest?" they asked, tilting their head to the side. Picking at each other's sentences became a regular occurrence between them, much like Sans and his ever-present library of puns.

"Torch it, burn it, kill it, salt it." he listed in an almost sing-song voice, swaying side-to-side and topping it off with one of his signature threatening faces. "And then bury you and this whole building in it."

That face terrified Frisk to the bone the first time they had seen it, shortly after falling down into the Underground. Later on, it filled them with determination and a sense of duty to prove their

'kill or be killed' view wrong. By now, it had completely lost its magic and hardly meant more than a frown from any other human or monster.

Of course, he was well aware of this. It was just a force of habit.

"Good afternoon! Are you waiting for the doctor?"

The call made both of them turn to face a fairly young and very decorative woman in a traditional white nurse uniform. Her whole demeanor was one of perky cheerfulness, although the way she held the sizable carton did indicated she wasn't about to dawdle much with them.

"Yes." Frisk spoke up, before Flowey could even attempt one his famous first impressions. It was better to keep that under wraps. "We're the 3 o'clock appointment."

"Of course, let me just double-check." she nodded, flipping through several pages of schedules, notes and very notably, bills. "There we go... 'Frisk Dreemurr'?"

As Frisk confirmed their identity, Flowey's attention briefly trailed off. It was to be expected, really. Asgore and Toriel, even with their relationship formally over, both had child-sized gaping holes in their heart and with Frisk lacking just about any sort of identifiable familial connection, it was no wonder they found each other.

>It was no surprise they decided to adopt the human and it was even less of a shock that Frisk was more than happy for it. But even with the request he had made to Frisk in those brief moments of soulful consciousness, those last fleeting moments with hands and feet and SOUL, there was just a tiny little pinprick to it.<p>

And yet out of the many aches, in a way, it was still the sweetest. It was the culmination of effort and a promise. It was something worth a smile.

"And this would be our patient? This lovely, little lily right here?"

There was nothing in this world worth smiling about.

Frisk opened their mouth to warn the nurse not to use such vocabulary, or touch Flowey, or even look at him for extended periods, but they were already too late. The monster whipped his brightly colored head up and reached out, missing her hand by a mere inch. A loud, uncomfortable crack filled the waiting room, as Flowey tore a chunk off the wooden notepad holder. The nurse watched in horror as the flower reeled back, chewing on both the wood and paper like they were taffy. His eyes were a pair of limitless black pools, filled with nothing, but hatred and contempt.

"I-I'll let the doctor know y-you're here." she whimpered. Her lips twitched, trying to resume the earlier smile, but to absolutely no avail.

"Thank you." Frisk said, mouthing several rows of apologies, while Flowey still kept his glare firmly on the nurse. She nodded and

excused herself, her footsteps getting louder and quicker as she disappeared in a neighboring corridor.

Frisk sighed and reached into their pocked, flicking through several crumpled, but still usable tissues, till they found a spotless one. Flowey still refused to pay them any mind; eyes sharply on the corridor and a low growl making his whole body softly vibrate. >The child pouted and aligned their hand with one of the monster's petals. Without warning, they flicked their finger at it as hard as they could. The effect was immediate, as Flowey spun around, mouth still full of debris and eyes full of anger from the ringing pain.<p>

"Spit it out, right now." Frisk warned, signaling towards the tissue.

Flowey growled and shook their head, only to suffer another quick flick. Despite some magic prowess, his actual flower-body was still highly vulnerable. The months together gave Frisk plenty of time to figure out how to discipline him, without causing any lasting damage. Sure, they were liable to receive the same treatment during a more heated argument, but it was still a necessary evil.

"Flowey!" they hissed, putting the tissue closer. He remained defiant, chewing harder just to spite the human, only to endure another couple lashes. Each was more annoying and painful than the last. "Cough it up!"

He finally had enough and gave in. His face contorted and he spat out a ball of saliva, plant fluid, paper and wood chips. Frisk couldn't hold back a brief whine of disgust, but bundled it up in the tissue nonetheless, before disposing of the whole revolting bundle. There were at least a couple of eyes on them by now, but it did little to stop or even hinder their bickering.

"You can't keep doing stuff like this every time someone annoys you."

"Of course not, otherwise I'd be doing this all the time."

His stem rattled a bit, imitating a shrug. Despite his limited appearance and motions, he still surprised Frisk by being so highly animated. It was a shame he used most of that effort just to annoy them. He put his tongue out in further mockery, only for them to retaliate by grabbing on.

Their mind screamed at them to immediately let go of the gross and impossible-in-nature plant part, but they held on determined to teach them a lesson. With all things considered, Flowey didn't react to it with much of a shock.

"_Lhet gho._" he said, his gaze shifting into cold, merciless killing intent. "_Ophr Ahl bhithe yeh phingrs auph._"

"Not until you behave." they replied, returning the stare with the same intensity.

It has long become obvious, that despite all their best intentions, the easiest way to pacify Flowey was to stoop to his level and play his little games. At least nobody would get hurt this time around but

the two of them and that was a sacrifice they were both well and prepared for.

"The doctor will see you now!"

The call was enough to make both of them flinch. The tongue slipped from Frisk's grasp and returned to Flowey's big mouth, as intended. Not wanting to be rude, the child immediately rose from their sit, bringing their volatile roommate along.

They only paused upon passing a column next to the door. It had the word charlatan carved into it, barely legible from the multitude of attempts to fill it out. It was a word they were both puzzled by.

"What does that mean?" Flowey whispered.

Frisk shrugged, their expression just as confused. "Maybe just a type of doctor?"

"But then why is it just carved in there? Why isn't it on the door?"

Another shrug. Something was off, but Flowey couldn't really pit his fingers on it, especially since he lacked any.
>"Where did you find about this guy?"<p>

"He was on TV." Frisk admitted, a tiny shade of red creeping on their face. They didn't really know much about doctors, even less about psychiatrists, but this man was heavily advertised as a 'veritable professional'.

Flowey nodded to the answer. Sure, Mettaton's escapades were embellished and overacted beyond all reasonable levels, but human TV was very different. There was a lot more information to be found, though truthfully neither Flowey nor Frisk really knew exactly what to filter just yet.

As they put a hand on the handle, Frisk shot a glance at their companion. Flowey felt their gaze and peeked up. His eyes kept darting around, betraying just how nervous he really was. The fact that they were stuck in a pot and unable to just duck out of the unwanted meeting also did not help. The child tried mustering the most supportive smile possible to reassure him.

"Stay determined." they said, winking.

"...really?!" Flowey hissed, managing to get the last word in before the door opened up.

What awaited them inside was unique, for lack of a better word.

Both of them were quite dumbfounded upon glancing in opposite directions, surveying both ends of the room within mere seconds. Flowey got the back area and while his reference point had always been Alphys' lab, this place was still several magnitudes worse.

>It looked more like a storage area filled with boxes, crammed shelves, and an old sofa full of indescribably awful looking pillows and various assorted junk. Flowey's eyes squinted, a multitude of

questions buzzing in him. Some of the knick-knacks were almost certainly Underground design, though how they made it here was anyone's guess.<p>

Frisk got to observe the 'work' area instead. It was every bit as awful as the back, which was almost reassuring in its synchronicity. Unlike Flowey, they at least had some knowledge of hospitals and doctors, but this didn't look like any they've seen before. The walls were an ugly tint of beige, adorned with drawings and photos depicting all manners of strange activities, like dancing around fire, altars and some they didn't really want to think too much about.

The doctor's desk wasn't all that convincing, either. Dozens of little objects adorned almost every open area, some of them as simple as colored stones or gems, while some were tiny bronze and iron objects Frisk couldn't even begin to really grasp. They seemed like pieces from a clock, more than anything.

>Most notable though was the one large golden plate on the front, with the sign DR. STULT emblazoned on it in black. The psychiatrist was an elderly man with barely any hair, and a much more frazzled beard than the well-kept mane he had on TV. There was something in his eyes Frisk couldn't really put anywhere, but it was not a comforting sight. Their first instinct was to just turn around and leave, however, they also knew that if they did, there would be no second chances.

After a couple awkward moments, he finally looked up from whatever magazine he was reading.

"Ah! You must be Frick!" he said, even his voice sounding like an old engine rumbling.

Flowey snorted loudly, not even bothering to mask his amusement, or his contempt.

"Frisk, yes." the child coughed to discreetly correct the old man.

"Precisely." he nodded, as if nothing even happened. "Please, have a seat.

It took a little bit of determination to follow through with it, but Frisk finally closed the door behind them and moved over to the pair of gaudy plush chairs. They settled into one of them and placed Flowey in the other. The doctor glanced from one to the other, locking his fingers under his chin. It almost looked like his beard devoured them whole.

"So, I've been told that you're not actually my patient." he said, addressing Frisk first, before lowering his gaze to Flowey. "But instead, you brought your friend-"

"Flowey." he interjected. As amusing it was to hear people getting Frisk's name wrong, his was off-limits.

"-Flowey for an examination."

Both of them nodded in a fleeting moment of unison and harmony.

"Very well." he nodded. "But since you're here as well, I do have a two-for-one deal on psychiatric evaluations. Do you mind if I involve you as well?"

Frisk blinked once, twice, a weight sinking down their throat and into their stomach. On one hand, they really didn't like the idea of Dr. Stult poking into their head, while on the other, perhaps this was the best way to keep Flowey on course as well. Otherwise there was a high chance he just wouldn't take any of it seriously.

"No problems at all, go ahead."

Flowey glanced up at them with an uncharacteristically concerned look, which for once Frisk couldn't really place anywhere. It only lasted a brief few moments though, before he returned to the nonplussed annoyance that was his trademark.

"Alright then." the doctor clapped, pulling up a dusty old list from some unspoken corner of the crowded table. "First off... a couple of routine tests. I need to judge your mental states, before we can get into any actual therapy." he explained.

The next few minutes were spent with frantic rummaging, as Dr. Stult apparently lost most of his materials since the last patient about fifteen minutes ago. The aura of dismay continued to grow around both Frisk and Flowey, especially as the doctor decided to play it safe and merely print something off the internet. He whistled an off-kilter tune while waiting for the printer to finish.

"There we go." he mused, still not grasping just how utterly horrified at least one of them were. "This one might be familiar, but I will ask you to answer as truthfully as possible. I will show you a bunch of inky images and you have to tell me the first thing that pops into your head."

Another cooperative, if slightly concerned nod from both.

Dr. Stult held up the first image, which was a blurred mess at best, possibly not only due to its base nature as an image that required imagination, but also because much of the printer ink must have been exposed to air for too long. Still, they both at least attempted their best.

"Snail."

"Boot."

Frisk threw Flowey a brief glance, but got no reaction in return. The more they looked at it, the more they could see where Flowey got the reference though. What they assumed to be swirls could have just been markings of a boot, after all. The doctor acknowledged the answers and flipped over to the next image, which had just as horrible quality as the one before.

"Mountain."

"Explosion."

The child opened their mouth this time around, but the words didn't

come out. Even though they could hardly, if at all see the image as an explosion, there was still no point in assuming foul play. Perhaps this was really just a deeper look into Flowey's psyche, which was the exact reason they were here for. Instead, they just waited for the third, still awful image.

"Web."

"Hatchet!"

No, he was clearly just messing with them.

"This isn't 'rock-paper-scissors', Flowey." they said.

"Excuse me, I'm just expressing my deepest thoughts." the flower mocked, even though the wide grin on their face betrayed their true intentions.

"You're just messing around!" Frisk argued, glaring at him.

"Am not and I'll prove it!" he stated, facing Dr. Stult. "Doctor, the next one please!"

The final image of the set was just as much of a chaotic mess as the rest of them, though it still had a few notable patterns.

"Bone."

"Trash bag."

Frisk groaned, sinking deeper into the horrid looking, but otherwise acceptably comfortable chair. Flowey just looked very proud of himself, which the doctor clearly noted down.

"Okay. That should cover the basics." he stated, tossing the pictures straight into the trash. He started scratching his beard for another minute or so, before inspiration struck him. "Alright, usually this doesn't work as well, but since there are two of you, there is an experimental and highly efficient testing method we can also use."

The introduction did very little to gather interest from either one of them, but he continued anyway.

"I will start with the beginning." he said. "And the two of you will try and craft a story out of it, but only using a maximum of 3 words at a time."

Frisk could have sworn they've played such a game as an even smaller child, but wasn't about to argue with the strange doctor and his even stranger methods. Flowey on the other hand, was rather ambivalent towards the assignment.

"Let's start then, shall we?" Dr. Stult seemed significantly more excited about this than they were. "The beginning is 'one day'." he pointed at Frisk, signaling they could go first.

Frisk bit their lip, suddenly unsure how to continue. Flowey's expression was hard to read, but his defiance towards their efforts

only made Frisk more stubborn towards the idea of helping.

"A child fell-"

Flowey picked their head up again and gazed at Frisk.

"-down a mountain." he said, the words escaping his mouth with barely any breath behind them.

They smiled and continued, seeing how Flowey was catching on.

"What they found-"

"-was another world-"

"-filled with monsters!"

Flowey's stem began to shake.

"The child hated-"

"-loneliness and sadness."

"So they plotted-"

Frisk smiled in the soul-warming way only they could.

"-to surprise everyone-"

"-with an unexpected-"

-plate of spaghetti."

With an almost unconscious move, Frisk reached out and touched the tip of Flowey's closest leaf. The touch made them stir, but rather than the usual reeling back from physical contact, the flower snorted loudly. He glanced back, putting his tongue out again.

He still wasn't taking this seriously, but at least this felt more and more authentic, even from him.

"They couldn't cook-"

"-but tried anyway!"

The replies got quicker, the more they got into it.

"With snail sauce-"

"-and seaweed pasta."

"The kitchen exploded-"

"-from the enthusiasm!"

Flowey snorted loudly again, and even Frisk couldn't resist a brief giggle. This was mostly true for their cooking lessons with Undyne, although actual flames were much more common.

"They invited everyone-"

"-all the monsters-"

"-**but nobody came.**"

Frisk sucked the next line back in and briefly observed the carpeted floor like it was the most significant find of the day. They hated those words, and yet every moment with Flowey was a reminder it wasn't just a thought of desperation, but part of his reality. Asriel's face often passed through their mind, the sad yet still kind goat monster and the one and only embrace they managed to share.

It wasn't enough.

It would never be enough.

Neither for them, or for him.

"The sad child-"

"-considered giving up-"

"-_but they refused._"

Flowey once again gave them one of those inexplicable looks. Their mouth was hanging open ever so slightly, but surprise was the only clear emotion on his face. No mockery or anger, just genuine surprise.

And curiosity.

"So instead they-"

"-packed it up-"

"-left the house-"

"-and delivered it!"

The flower's stem rattled again, from choked laughter this time around.

Idiot.

Frisk was an idiot.

An incredibly stupid human.

And yet, they were endlessly entertaining in their idiocy.

"In the end-"

"-everyone loved it!"

"And this way-"

"-they got their happy ending." Frisk said, finishing up the story with a wide grin.

"I should have known you'd try to cheat!" Flowey mocked, resetting

everything back to zero. "You're such a sappy sucker!"

Their brief laughter was interrupted by Dr. Stult's cough. Oddly enough, he did not appear to be amused at all. Better yet, he just kept looking at Frisk as if they had just grown an extra arm or something.

"Thank you, that will do." he said, twirling his interlocked fingers. "I believe that, using these tests you have just performed, I may have a preliminary diagnosis ready."

Both of them were rather amazed it had taken so little effort for the good doctor to excavate potential issues. They were more than ready to hear him out, even if his overall stature suggested taking all of it with a grain of salt.

"As always, do note that this may be difficult to hear." he stated. "I have been a professional in this business for many years and I find that patients always react badly at first. They are in denial, they lash out and they refuse to accept the truth. I can help, but only if you trust me that I can."

"Now, with that out of the way." he pulled his notes up, glancing at Flowey first. "My conclusion is that there is absolutely nothing wrong with you. I see traces of youthful rebellion and general uneasiness, but nothing major to report on."

Frisk tilted their head, somewhat relieved, but also quite surprised. They guessed everything that has happened since they've fallen down and even before that would have taken a toll on Flowey's psyche, but apparently not. The thought that his previously murderous outlook on the world was a product of 'youthful rebellion' was just absurd though. Even Flowey seemed rather confused, rubbing the base of his petals with one leaf.

"More importantly, the issue isn't with you, but your friend here." he continued, setting his gaze on Frisk this time around. The lump they felt in their throat returned with full force and with a marching band to accompany it.

"I sadly don't know where to begin." the doctor signed, running through the rather lengthy notes he had written. The lumps turned icy and Frisk found themselves at a loss of words and breath. "It's a miracle you haven't collapsed with something yet. Your silences, your aggressiveness towards Flowey, your delusional childishness, they're all connected."

Flowey bit his lip. There was a feeling coursing through him as well, but it was not one of the good ones.

"You most likely suffer from severe depression, suicidal tendencies and a highly reclusive personality." he listed, every word manifesting into a mental knife to be driven into the child, so much more forcefully than any monster battle.

"You can't connect to people, you're constantly pushing everyone away and I see signs of severe neglect and abuse. This may be an uncomfortable question, but at this point I have to know... do you regularly get beaten by your parents?"

Almost without notice, Flowey felt the fluids in his body turning into boiling acid. He was not an expert in psychology, far from it even, but he couldn't for a moment accept that even half of this was true. Before he could actually voice his complaints, he noticed the hand that has been holding onto his pot ever since, was now trembling. He knew this quake better than anyone.

"Frisk?"

The child took their hand back and brushed the pouring torrents from their eyes, but to no avail. The tears just wouldn't stop; there was no way to block them off, not after such an underhanded blow. A loud sob echoed across the room, making the silence that followed even more comfortable. A moment later, Frisk jumped to their feet, mumbled something unintelligible and straight-up ran from the room.

"Frisk! Come back!" Flowey shouted after them, but the door was closed before their voice could reach them.

The pot never felt more constricting, than at this very moment.

"I'm so sorry for them." Dr. Stult sighed, punching number after number into his computer. "So many serious problems at such a young age. They must have experienced something really traumatic."

Flowey reeled back and forth from the doctor and to the door. The acidic feeling had not passed, but rather, grew in intensity with every moment. It's been some time since he had seen Frisk so clearly distressed and despite the admitted and demonstrated inability to feel love, he didn't like seeing them like this. It was uncomfortable and unlike them.

"Can you please give them this, and my regards?"

The doctor's voice pulled Flowey back into reality. Shapeshifting was still a minor inconvenience at most, but a pair of vines were more than enough to take the paper the old human printed. Driven by curiosity, he tried reading it, only to find he couldn't even begin to comprehend or pronounce the prescribed medicine. A frown gathered upon his face nonetheless. He might have been unaware of the exact effects of these, but the amount and the price attached were dubious.

"It might not be enough, but think of it as a 'starter pack'." the doctor mused. "Frisk might be a little... distant and unresponsive in the first few weeks, but those are just side effects. Eventually they'll feel better and if you're lucky, the higher dose later on might actually kill of some of those mental issues. Sadly, you can never be completely sure with these."

Of course. How convenient.

"Doctor, may I say something?"

"Of course, Flora." the doctor was already engrossed in whatever he had been reading before they came in. "I mean, Flowey, was it? What would you like?"

"A second opinion."

He glanced up from the magazine, only for every little bit of color to drain from his face. Flowey's eyes and general features have just about disappeared into the abyss of malice and rage currently rampaging across his face.

>That little flower pot suddenly seemed like it had already enveloped half the room in darkness and was working on consuming whatever was left. Half a dozen thorny vines were embedded into the prescription and even the softest motion was enough to shred the print into dozens of tiny paper flakes.<p>

Worst of all was the grin though. Like that of an infernal demon, a fanged grin aimed straight at his big dumb face, otherworldly anger and joy mixing into one horrific mish-mash of rage and hatred.

He was going to enjoy every single second of this.

"**HOWDY.**"

* * *

><p>Frisk rubbed their eyes for the umpteenth time already, to the point where both were red and puffy all over. They were thankful for the longer hair, as it made hiding their eyes easier than ever before. A shadow of the earlier sobs tore itself from their lungs, almost painfully. They reached into their pocket, counting yet another tissue killed in action.<p>

From the moment they set foot in that doctor's office, it should have been obvious something like this would happen. Frisk didn't try to delude themselves by claiming everything was alright. As evidenced by their fall into the bowels of Mt. Ebott, things were indeed not entirely okay. However, that was the past; a different chapter of a different book long burnt to ashes.

Yet even from this unconnected person and even if they couldn't identify with so much as half of what they said, it still hurt. It only took a grain of truth to elicit those long-forgotten tears, the ones they've been hiding even from their friends, from Toriel and Asgore.

>And even from Flowey.<p>

The sounds of surprised cries nearby quickly brought the child back to reality. They glanced off to the side, only to see a very familiar potted plant heading towards their bench. This would not have been that strange on its own, but the flower monster chose not to destroy his home this time around. Instead, he summoned several vines and was awkwardly stumbling towards them, like a landlocked octopus. The sight was nothing short of absurd.

"Frisk!" Flowey growled, quickening the pace just a little bit. He seemed rather mad, clearly evidenced by the unneeded overabundance of thorns on the vines and the furious look on his face. "There you are!"

Frisk sighed and scooted over, giving the flower more than enough space. He soon arrived and very carefully set himself down on the bench. Only once he felt his pot was stabled, did he finally recall all his vines, letting them retreat into the pot and vanish. The monster exhaled in relief, rather proud he managed such a distance without taking the easy way out.

That did not mean his anger had evaporated though.

"What's the big idea, leaving me in there with Dr. Quack!" he growled. "When's the last time I bailed on you like this? Is this any way to treat your best friend? I could have been turned into a salad!"

Frisk muttered something and pulled their knees up. Flowey didn't even morph his face this time, which just made it even worse. The monster was genuinely just angry with him. Another set of tears queued up behind their eyes, this time from disappointment. For all that talk about helping Flowey, they sure failed to live up to that role today.

"Well?" he asked, scowling as much as his body allowed him to.

"...I'm sorry." Frisk muttered, badly disguising a sob under the guise of a simple cough. "That was really... mean of me."

Flowey tilted his body a bit, digesting the apology. A pair of vines shot out from his soil once again and coiled around Frisk's arm. There was a very brief moment of genuine fear, but he merely used the arm as leverage to pull him and his stationary home right up to the human.

"Look." Flowey began. Even with the anger and the obvious reason to feel furious, his voice was softer than usual. "If it makes you feel any better, I disagree with the diagnosis."

Frisk turned their head to the side, just enough so even Flowey could catch a glimpse of how little they were up for this discussion right now. Not that this bothered him in any way.

"I mean, you're an idiot, that's a given." he listed, far too enthusiastically. "But you're also the stubborn kind of stupid. You're way too trusting and you're hilariously easy to fool. You're too much of a listener, your jokes are only slightly below Smiley's level of quality and you often have bad breath when you wake up."

A snort escaped from within Frisk's knees. They certainly weren't too far gone just yet.

"And then there's the other thing. You came back for me, even when I told you to forget." Flowey continued after a brief pause. "That proves you're not only a stubborn idiot with a death wish, but you're hopelessly naive, too. But since you actually dragged your stupid butt all the way down again, I might as well keep my eyes on you, so you won't trip and dislocate your head or someth-"

The rest of that sentence got stuck in Flowey's throat, as Frisk picked his home-pot up and held him close for a few moments. Even though it was no secret Flowey detested most forms of physical contact, once in a blue moon he did relax those rules. One of his vines reached out again, softly patting the human's face.

"Okay, that's enough now." he said quickly slipping back into his usual attitude. "You really need to stop crying over stuff all the time. Your crying face looks even worse than the normal

one"

"Thanks." Frisk said. Their voice was quiet like a tiny afternoon breeze.

"Whatever." Flowey scoffed, but there was still a hint of a grin there, somewhere. "Listen, can we just please drop the gloom for the rest of the day? Let's go get some sweets instead. You're paying, of course. "

The human's shoulders shook with repressed laughter as they got up, holding the flowerpot close to their heart. Even with all the denial, all the misgivings and all attempts at being unruly, there were still things that managed to keep Flowey content, if not outright happy with this timeline and ending.

Or maybe he was right and they were just hopelessly naive. Rather than letting it discourage them though, the thought just made Frisk smile. At least it was another goal they could strive towards proving wrong, day by day. It may not have been as grand as the adventure across the Underground, but it was a worthy follow-up.

As Frisk headed straight towards the local candy shop they frequented, they never even noticed the thick stream of smoke and flames slowly engulfing the hastily evacuated clinic.

* * *

><p>Post-AN: Originally this was just supposed to be a quick warm-up work. A few hours and Touhou songs later, this goddamn monster appeared. I may need to put up a buzzer eventually, that zaps me whenever I go over the line with just a simple request. I even forgot to reference chocolate directly, how sad is that?!**

Still very much WIP, but feel free to visit me on Tumblr! My handle is 'milkasingularity'. **It's not much to look at, but I do enjoy a friendly conversation any time!**

Additionally, Dr. Stult's name is based on "stultus", meaning "dumb". If you want to imagine what he's like, picture Dr. Vindaloo from Courage the Cowardly Dog.

End
file.